RETURN TO THE BEACH
by Andrew “Change” Huang

i have not written any poem
about beaches for quite awhile;
        last time i did,
the foaming tide receded back
to the sea, swiftly sweeping
you along with it.

as i vastly look everywhere
for seashells on soaked sand—
        you know,
the ones you daily gathered
in the morning to make me
the shard necklace—

i found a conch half-buried
openly in the glistening beach.
        when i listen
the hollow call, i can not hear
your voice, nor the hum that
you used to make

as you held my hand—
        there are only whispers
        of the beach telling me
                goodbye.